

EXHIBIT O

“The Heart Part 6”

Drake

[Intro: Drake & Aretha Franklin]

Now let me see ya prove it

Just let me see ya prove it

Alright

[Verse]

The Pulitzer Prize winner is definitely spiralin'

I got your fucking lines tapped, I swear that I'm dialed in

First, I was a rat, so where's the proof of the trial then?

Where's the paperwork or the cabinet it's filed in?

1090 Jake woulda took all the walls down

The streets woulda had me hidin' out in a small town

My Montreal connects stand up, not fall down

The ones that you're getting your stories from, they all clowns

I am a war general seasoned in preparation

My jacket is covered in medals, honor and decoration

You waited for this moment, overcome with the desperation

We plotted for a week, and then we fed you the information

A daughter that's eleven years old, I bet he takes it

We thought about givin' a fake name or a destination

But you so thirsty, you not concerned with investigation

Instead you in that Venice studio, it's a celebration

You gotta learn to fact-check things and be less impatient

Your fans are rejoicin' thinkin' this is my expiration

Even the picture you used, the jokes, and the medication

The Maybach glove and the drug he uses for less inflation

Master manipulator, you bit on the speculation

You dumb and reactive, n*****, I'm petty with dedication

What about the bones we dug up in that excavation?

And why isn't Whitney denyin' all of the allegations?

Why is she followin' Dave Free and not Mr. Morale?

You haven't seen the kids in six months, the distance is wild

Dave leavin' heart emojis underneath pics of the child

Speakin' of anything with a child, let's get to that now

This Epstein angle was the shit I expected

TikTok videos you collected and dissected

Instead of bein' on some diss-direct shit

You rather fucking grab your pen and misdirect shit

My mom came over today, and I was like, "Mother, I—

Mother, I—, mother—," ahh, wait a second

That's that one record where you say you got molested

Aw, fuck me, I just made the whole connection

This about to get so depressin'

This is trauma from your own confessions
 This when your father leave you home alone with no protection, so neglected
 That's why these pedophile raps and shit you so obsessed with, it's so excessive
 They actin' like it's so aggressive, but you just never known affection
 I don't wanna diss you anymore, this really got me second-guessin'
 "Touch My Body" by Mariah Carey play, you probably start reflectin'
 I never been with no one underage, but now I understand why this the angle that you really mess
 with
 Just for clarity, I feel disgusted, I'm too respected
 If I was fucking young girls, I promise I'd have been arrested
 I'm way too famous for this shit you just suggested
 But that's not the lesson, clearly, there's a deeper message
 Deep cuts that never healed, and now they got infected
 Like if Dave really fucked your girl and got her pregnant, talk about breedin' resentment
 I'm not sure how to ease the sentiment, this shit's too intimate
 I'm praying you recover from both incidents
 But you a piece of shit, so this shit really no coincidence
 Drake is not a name that you gon' see on no sex offender list, Eazy-Duz-It
 You mentionin' A minor, but n***** gotta B sharp and tell the fans, "Who was it?"
 You thought you left D flat, D major
 I'll slit your throat with the razor
 And do Rick Ross Air like that one flight from Malaysia
 I'm your baby mama's screen saver
 Only fuckin' with Whitneys, not Millie Bobby Browns, I'd never look twice at no teenager
 I'm a fucking hitmaker, dog, not a peacemaker
 Yeah, bullets that I'm stuffin' in each chamber, your ass in extreme danger
 Stop buyin' views and bot comments, you may as well keep the paper
 Shit you 'bout to need for later
 I give a fuck about your streamin' data
 You could drop a hundred more records, I'll see you later
 Yeah, maybe when you meet your maker
 I don't wanna fight with a woman beater, it feeds your nature
 If you still bumpin' R. Kelly, you could thank the Savior
 Said if they deleted his music, then your music is goin' too, a hypocrite
 I don't understand why these people praise ya
 Soundin' like you send him commissary when he need some paper
 Album droppin' soon, no wonder you turn to a clout chaser 'stead of doin' hard labor
 N****, I'll see you when I see you like Fantasia
 And Whitney, you can hit me if you need a favor
 And when I say I hit ya back, it's a lot safer
 Huh, I promise

[Outro]

Yeah

I'm not gonna lie, this shit was, uh, some good exercise, like
 It's good to get out, get the pen workin'

You would be a worthy competitor if I was really a predator
And you weren't fuckin' lying to every blogger and editor, but
It is what it is
You definitely got this shit burnt the fuck out though, like
You got ten more records to drop
The one before the last one, we finessed you into tellin' a story that doesn't even exist
And then, you go and drop the West Coast one to try and cover that up
I would like that one, that w—, that-that would be some shit I could dance to if you wasn't
Triplin' down on some whole other bullshit, but
You know, at least your fans are gettin' some raps out of you
I'm happy I could motivate you
Bring you back to the game, like
You know, but
Just let me know when we're gettin' to the facts
Everything in my shit is facts (Prove it)
I'm waitin' on you to return the favor, like

Available at: <https://genius.com/Drake-the-heart-part-6-lyrics>